GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. A Hant for a Tiger and for \$20,000 Worth

Oppright, 1898, by Chailes B. Lewis, We were encamped about ninety miles south of Allahabad and were about to start out one morning to beat up a tiger which had been marked down, when a couple of natives came into camp with a message from the head man of a village called Pootpur, lying about six miles to the east. There were four of us in the hunting party, and the messengers stated that the head man had some very important news to communicate. He would have come to us, but he was an old man and a cripple. Thinking It likely that his village was troubled with a man eater and that he wanted the services of our rifles, we rode over to see him. We found aim to be a man over 70 years old, crippled by the loss of a leg. and it was a queer story he had to tell. Up to the breaking out of the sepoy rebellion he was a prince and a ruler in one of the western provinces. He had east his lot with the rebels, and after the British regained control, had narrowly escaped the death meted out to so many other scions of royalty. Deposed, divested, and disgraced, he had wandered about for several years and finally settled down in a jungle village of 300 inhabitants. He had saved from the wreck of his fortunes a number of rare and beautiful jewels. They were heirlooms of his greatness. nd he had refused to part with them. His collection comprised rubles, pearls, opals, dia-monds, sapphires, and other precious gems, valued at £20,000 in English money. No one in the village knew of his wealth. His gems were kept in a sliver casket, and the casket was buried in the earthen floor of his hut.

Two days previous to our arrival the old man had unearthed his treasure to feast his eyes on the gems. While he used all due presautions to prevent discovery his action was observed by a woman, who straightway inher husband of the great secret. Some time during that night the husband had entered the hut and possessed himself of the casket and as soon as daylight came he and his wife had set out for Lucknow. They had mot travelled above five miles when a tiger sprang out upon the man, knocked him sense-less or killed him at a blow, and then bere the body away into the jungle. The woman had returned to the village and confessed the robbery and told of the fate of her husband. Had she been carrying the casket there would have been nothing to mourn over, but unfortunate been nothing to mourn over, but unfortunately the husband had it secured to his neck by a chain, and of course it was borne away with him. There could be no doubt of the woman's story, because the ex-prince had sent men to the spot, and they had found plenty of corroborative evidence. She was brought in to be questioned by us, and she relate; every particular as coolly as if robbery and widowhood were a part of her daily routine. The object in sending for us was to see what could be done to recover the genrs. Two of my companions belonged to the civil sorvice at Allahabad, and the other was a Cart. Horton of a cavalry regiment stationed at the same place.

The old man was ready to make us an offer as soon as we wore in possession of the particulars. He would give us half the gems to recover to casket, fou may figure that this was a big price for what appeared to be an easy task, but such was far from the case. In the first place, the tiger was a man cater who had haunted the locality for a year, and the jungle was an extensive one. In the next, the four of us must do all the work, as no native could be trusted. The search must be made on foot, and we would not only encounter danger from the tiger, but from the poisonous serpents infesting the thickets. The two civilians positively declined to go upon the search at any price, but after a thorough canvass of the matter the Capiain and I agreed to devote a couple of days to it. While our friends returned to camp we rode out to the spot where the robber had been seized. ly the husband had it secured to his neck by a vass of the matter the Capitain and I agreed to devote a couple of days to it. While our friends returned to camp we rode out to the spot where the robber had been seized. The woman accompanied us, but we found that she could not locate the spot within twenty yards. She had seen the tiger trot off with the body of her husband, but she did not know on which side of the highway he satered the jungle. We found two openings on the right and two on the left where the tiger might have retreated with his prey, but as it was late in the day we returned to the village to await the morrow. That we had a ferce and cunning animal in the man eater was proved that evening. He came out of the jungle and crept across an open field and selzed a woman who had just turned from an open fire with a steaming kettle in her hand. As he sprang upon her he must have burned his paws in the hot food, for he uttered yells of pain and sprang over the fire and made off. The woman was badly clawed, but not fatally figured. The tiger returned to the same fire within theiry minutes, although the village

The woman was badly clawed, but not fatally thiured. The tiger returned to the same fire within thirty minutes, although the village was in a hubbub, but the dozs detected him, and we fired two or three random shots, which drove him away for good.

Next morning we set out on our search for the casket. A nullah or creek crossed the highway beyond the spot where the man had been selzed, and we felt sure the tiger had passed either up or down it. It was in the dry season, but there were water holes here and there in the gravelly bed. The creek was not more than twenty feet wide in any spot, and the banks were so thickly covered with trees and vines as to form a complete arch and aimost shut out the light of day. We decided to first go down the creek. We must find the tiger's lair if we would find the casket. As the highway was much travelled, the beast would be likely to get lar enough away, so that elded to first go down the creek. We must find the tiger's lairif we would find the easket. As the highway was much traveiled, the beast would be likely to get lar enough away so that the holse of vehicles would not disturb hig slumbers. We had supplied ourselves with lights, and as we passed slowly down the bed of the creek we halted every few yards to search for proofs that the body had been carried this way. We followed the stream for a mile before satisfying ourselves that it was mot the tiger's runway, and so show was our rate of progress that when we finally returned to the highway it was too late in the day to begin the search on the other side. Nothing was heard from the man eater that night, and we were at the nellain next morning before the sun was up. We got a shock while yet fifteen rods away. A bullock attached to a cart was tangled up in the edge of the jungle and unable to move, and in the centre of the highway yere evidences to prove that the man eater had secured another victim. A native had been passing that way berhaps an hour before, and the tiger had seized and carried him off. The dust was heavy with lew and we could trace the footsteps of the animal to the nullah, he had gone up the bed of the stream with his burden. We released the ox to go where he would with the vehicle and then descended the bank and began our movement un siream. Nothing was more certain than that we should find the tiger lying somewhere above us, and our proceeding was fooliardy. He would probably have finished his breakfast, drunk his fill, and composed himself for a nap, but yet he would have suit the advantance. The level of the nullah was rough traveiling, and owing to dense shade it was like looking not a forest at twilight.

"Here is what we must depend on," whispered the Capiala to me after we had advanced a lew rods. "I am satisfied that the tiger has his den above us. He has been in this locality for montis. He has carried off half a dozen people, and each body has been conveyed up this rough to strength to bale fifteen or twenty feet long and the width of the creek. The water was not deep, but we knew we could not pass through it without moise enough to arouse the tiger. There was a wall of rock beyond the pool, and we decided that our game was laid away there. We were characterized as idiots for doing what we did, but yet it seemed the proper thing to do under the circumstances. Each of us picked up a good sized stone and hurled it at the wall, and they had acarcely struck when the sleeping tiger aprang to his feet with a savage growt. While he was not above ten yards away we could make him out hut dimly. He was turning round and round and sniffling the air when we first together, and he dropped dead. When we lighted forches and advanced, we found him to be an old male with feeth worn down to the gums, and probably blind of one sye. He had committed great have, however, and had we only wounded him he would have charged us, and we might have been numbered among his victims. We certainly expected to find the casket where we found the tiger, and great was our chagrin when we falled to find any trace of it. The body of the native selzed that morning had been about half eaten, and the remains lay beyond the lair. While some of the human bones had doublicas been carried off by the hyenas and least a dozen human beings. We found quite a number of trinks of the find a bout to make us believe he must have feasted on at least a dozen human beings. We found quite a number of trinks to be longing to the unfortunates, but we searched in vain for the casket. But for the fact of finding two or three relies which beionged to the robber we should have concluded that his wile told the story to give him a chance to exace pursuit.

"While you have failed to find it to-day I am sure you will find it to-morrow," said the old man when we returned to the village tired and discouraged. "The chain attached to the casket was not a strong one. The tiger dragged and carried the man over a very rough route fully half a mile. The chain might

more trinkets and a number of coins, but the easket was not there to be discovered. After we had thoroughly satisfied ourselves of this fact we decided that the woman had deceived us. Her husband had certainly been carried off and devoured by the tiger, but she was probably carrying the easket—and fied with if. knowing that she could prove her story, she had secreted the casket before entering the village, and would bide her time fo get away with it. When we informed the old man of our conclusion he agreed with us. By his order the woman was about to be tortured to extort a confession when Capt. Horton asked leave to question her again.

"I have told you the truth, sahih," she said when brought before us. "I did not know that my husband meditated stealing the caskel. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when he aroused me from sleep and commanded me togo with him. We were out of the village before he had told me what he had done. He would not permit me to take the casket in my hands. He did not tell me what it contained, but talked of rupees. I tried to get him to return but he threatened my life."

"How did the tiger attack?" asked.

"We were running. I was on my husband's left. I think the tiger attack?" asked.

"We were running. I was on my husband's left. I think the tiger was on the highway, as he seemed to spring from in front. When he bore my husband down he shook him and mopped him about and paid no attention to me."

bors my husband down he shook him and mopped him about and paid no attention to me."

The woman's explanation gave us a new idea. As we were satisfied of the truth of her story she escaped punishment, and we promised the old man to renew the search on the morrow. As I have before mentioned, the woman could not locate the sxact spot of attack. Those who had accompanied her that morning had found the tiger's tracks in the dust for some distance. In the morning we went straight to the crossing of the nullah and then worked back, carefully searching the rank grass and weeds on each side of the highway. At almost the first move we routed and killed two poleonous serpents, but we persisted in the scarch. Thirty leet back from the nullah, in the midst of a tangle of vines, Capt. Horton discovered the casket. The broken chain attached to it proved that we had worked on the right theory. The chain was broken and the casket flung aside while the tiger was worrying the man before carrying him off. Did the Hindoo divide with us as he agreed? He did, and to our entire satisfaction; but both of us were agreed that he had been a robber instead of a prince, and that it was loot instead of heirlooms he shared with us.

### The Clutch of a Harricane.

From 9 o'clock in the morning until 4 in the afternoon the sky was cloudless and without a breath of air stirring, and the surface of the ocean was like glass. At the last-named hour it became as dark as if night had shut down. The glass had been steadily falling since noon, and one had but to look at sky and water to know what was coming. By half past 4 the ship was stripped for the struggle, life lines rove along the decks, and the watch below urned up. The lamps were lighted, all work suspended, and then bogan a period of suspense like the waiting for a battle to open.

Two thousand miles of Indian Ocean rolled between us and the nearest foot of land. The ship lay as helpless as a log, heaving and lurching on the ground swell, and from the depths of her hold came queer, strange noise: to further awe and oppress the sailors gath

to further awe and oppress the sailors gathered forward. It is during a calm that the creak of hulkheads, the grinding of the cargo, and the doleful complaints from yards and blocks are heard the loudest.

"Hear the dead men moaning!" whispered the sailors to each other as strange noises came out of the west.

It was a weird, grewsome sound—sometimes like the cry of a night bird afar off, and again reminding you of the vibrations of a harp string. Such sounds are only heard at sea when the elements are preparing for flerce warfare. Let them come to the ears of the lone lighthouse keeper, and he would tremble like a child and mayhap desert his post.

"Hear the drowning men sob!" whispered the sailors again, as the ship rested on an even keel for a moment.

From stem to rudder the waters beat against her sides with a curious gurgle, like unto the gasping, sobbling sound a man gives out as he sinks for the last time. It is a sound to bring a child and make your flesh creep when night is at hand and the wrath of heaven making ready for its spring.

At b o'clock the only change is that the dark—

eady for its spring.
At 5 o'clock the only change is that the dark-

ready for its spring.

At 5 o'clock the only change is that the darkness is more intense, and the slience has become so profound that the cheep! cheep! of a block aloft is annoyingly painful. There are no orders to be given. Those who converso lower their voices, as people do when there is death in the house.

At 6 o'clock the men are sent to supper. They cat in such slience that the ship seems to be deserted forward of the mainmast. They hurry the meal, for no man can say what moment the storm king will make his wild change. Two or three of them light their pipes, and the blaze of the matches strikes against the darkness as if it were a stone wall. It is the darkness of the gloomiest dungeon ever built by human hands. It seems to press you down like dead weight and to clutch at you with clammy fingers.

"leady there? Forward!"

The Captain's sudden shout is followed by a long drawn moan in the west—a moan which gradually changes into a wild, fierce scream as the gale strikes us. We are broadside on. Every man holds on for dear life. The great ship is at first pushed down until hor decks are awash, and then she is lifted un and heeled over to port—over and over until the decks straight up and down. Men shut their eyes that they may not see the spectre of death. One—two—three minutes, and then she is body rolls back to starboard, swings her head to the east, and away we go before a shricking, howing screaming hurricane, which seems maddefiel at our oscape. The ship must be brought around heelore the sea gets up. Men clutch

at our escape. The ship must be brought around before the sea gets up. Men clutch and crawl and creep about. The din is infernal. No orders are given, but all understand what is to be done. When all is ready she swings slowly about, with her nose to the gale, falls off on the port tack, and the stormsail holds her there. The wheel is inshed, another sail is made ready in case of accident, and human hands can do no more. The wrath of heaven has been let loose on the wide sea, and were there mountains here the force of the wind would make them tremble to their foundations.

heaven has been let loose on the wide sea, and were there mountains here the force of the wind would make them tremble to their foundations.

At midnight the ship is soaring up, up, up, until you half believe the gale has clasped hands under her keel and lifted her clear of the mad waters. Sho reaches the crest of the mountainous wave, hangs there for a moment, and then rushes down, down, down, until every lip bleathes a brayer and every heart stands still. At the crest of the wave a legion of demons are skulking and shouting. Down in the hollows it is so quiet that you can hear the drip of the water from the roof of the deekhouse. At daylight the spectacle is appalling. The ocean is snow white with its boiling. The waves come rolling up until they seem to tower as high as the mastheads, and from the crest of each one the gale cateres the milk, white foam and whirls it in patches and sheats high-r than the peaks of the Andes.

As the sun comes up, red and dull, there is a shout from every man on the decks of the ship. Broad away on our starboard side is an English troopship, wrecked aloft and damanged alow. There are gangs of men at the pumps, and her decks are crowded with others who can do nothing but wait. The gale will not reach its height till mon. There is gaining on the pumps, and the wild fings of first bowspirt are tokens that she is inclined to broach to. They see us as we see them. Here and there is a woman, here and there a sailor, but most of them are soldiers. They set no signal. There is no hand outstretched. Some of them do not even raise their eyes to us. Some are dumb with the horror of the situation. All are helploss as the shreds of foam flying across the face of their eyes to us. Some are dumb with the horror of the situation. All are helploss as the sireds of foam flying across the face of their eyes to us. Some are dumb with the horror of the situation. All are helploss as the sireds of foam flying across the face of their eyes to us. Some are dumb with the horror of the situation. All ar

## NEUTRAL IBRRITORY ON THE OHIO. It Belongs to Kentucky, but Defice Blue Grass and Hoosler Laws Alike,

"D' you know that there's a piece of Kentucky that lies north of the Ohio River? That's right, even if you don't see it on the geography maps; and it's the greatest place in the world for the sports.
"Just above Evansville, Ind., the Ohio begins

to make a big curve—fifteen or sixteen miles around it, and only a mile across in some places. Going down the river you see Henderson, Ky., not over a mile away: when you're five or six miles above Evansville, and when you get to Evansville, you're still ten or eleven miles above Henderson. During the floods one spring the river began to cut a new channel, and, when it finished, a big piece of ground that had been in Kentucky was over in Indiana. For a couple of years the Republicans on the place used to get in a boat, row across the river, and vote in Kentucky, and then row back and vote in Indiana tried to collect taxes, and the Indiana officials tried the same thing. The people wouldn't pay either, and the neatter went to the courts. The Judges decided the ground was in Kentucky. "Maybe the sports don't have a good time down there. When the Evansville crowd wants to give a chicken fight they walk down to Rentucky, and the Indiana police stand there and look at them. Once in a great while the Sheriff from the Kentucky county drops in on the boys, but they just walk into Indiana and extend the Sheriff an invitation to drink, and the Sheriff—well, he accepts." miles above Henderson. During the floods

THE EX-PRESIDENT OF FRANCE, Marshal MacMabon, Duke of Magenta-His Famous Comrades Canrobert and Lebent.

LONDON, May 12.-Even the slight indisposition from which Marshal MacMahon sufered a few days ago gave rise to serious uneasiness. No allment is insignificant to a man of such advanced age, and it will be indeed a loss for France when that grand figure, once so prominent, lately so effaced, disappears from the country which he helped to make great He belongs to that pleiad of Marfehaux de France in which Pelissier and Canrobert were

his contemporaries. Marie Edme l'atrice Maurice de MacManon was born on the 13th of July, 1803, at Suliy, the ninth of the eleven children of the Mar-quis de MacMahon, Lieutenant-General and personal friend of Charles N. He left St. Cyr to serve with Pelissier, Caprobert and Changarnier, in the regiments sent to Africa: dis-tinguished himself in those arduous cam-paigns, and was raised to the rank of General after his daring exploits at Constantine. He reached Malakoff in time to carry the works. and display heroic valor; It was there that he spoke the now historic words which on the oastions of the captured " Tower" rang above the thunder of the Russian canon: "I am here, and here I shall remain !"

Passionately fond of Algeria, the land in which he had won his first laurels, Mac-Mahon forsook it in '57 in order to go and pacify Kabylia and presently to receive the appointment of Governor of that province by the Emperor. Magenta-remaining as the triumphant record of strategy and military science—saw the General assume the title of Duke and Marshal of France and achieve the highest honors. Then came 1870 with the fatal reverses obscuring the glorious pages of a life on which were inscribed so many victories; yet the brave soldier remained undaunted and undismayed; he advanced in the direction of Weissembourg and Froeschweller, where 100,000 Prussians awaited 40,000 Frenchmen: he saw the remnant of those fine squadrons of the Eighth and Ninth Cuirassiers decimated by the dragoons of the enemy, and as they feli. wrenching from the Emperor William the involuntary tribute, " Oh, les braces gens!" MacMahon would have operated a junction with Bazaine, thrown back Prince Frederick Charles beyond the Meuse, and pursued the Prince Royal marching on Chalons. Other advice prevailed. It was not to be. Napoleon III. entered Sedan to be trapped with his 180,-000 men, and, fortunately for MacMahon, he lay seriously wounded before the rendition of a large army took place. Had he been at the head of his troops he would have conquered or perished, but never have been captured When he bewailed that he had not died before this humiliation to his flag, the last surviving Turcos who had fought with him at Froeschweiler gathered around him with tears on their swathy cheeks, for they had loved him since the days in Africa, and said in their broken French; "Die! You won't die; you see we are still alive." The Marshal was carried off in an ambulance a prisoner to Germany, and returned to France a broken-hearted man. a glorious memory.

When the peace was proclaimed MacMahon became, almost without his knowledge, a politician. After the elections of Jan. 27 his star arose luminous and steady over the political horizon of France. He offered in his person the singular spectacle of a man whose only passion was to serve his country under arms, serving her from 1873 to 1877 in the highest civil functions. His period of Presidency was perfectly clean and loyal; he may have erred on minor questions, offended one party or another, laid himself open to the censures of the press, but his reputation of a perfectly honest man was as undisputed as that of the soldier of Malakoff, of the victor of Magenta, or of the prisoner of Sedan; it can be summed up in the word-immaculate! He submitted rather than accepted to be elevated to the Presidential chair. He descended from it with equanimity to retire to his country home of Sully St. Leger, near Autun. He has often said that he would never see the government of his choice; born and bred in strictly legitimist views he considered that the supreme salvation of France lay in a monarchical restoration. For one brief moment he helped to see the realization of that dream, and confidently expected the hour when the Comte de Chambord, seated on the throne of his fathers, would grant him " a small military command." The dream was rudely dispelled when the manifesto of Salzburg elicited from the National Assembly the

vote of the Septennate.

But, whatever part MacMahon has played during the eighty-five years of a well-filled life, he has in the past and the present been surrounded by the homage and respect of his surrounded by the homage and respect of his countrymen. Every head is bared before the white-haired old man, who carries his age so bravely, walking on horseback, and putting the linal touch to his smonler. Clairo, was canrobert, whose only daughter. Clairo, was canrobert, whose only daughter. Clairo, was canrobert, whose only daughter. Clairo, was dier her mother's death, and works only after her mother's death, onlerred on him for his giorious services in the army. His name appears on the roll of thirty-eight battles, sieges, or attacks, beginning in 1855 with Qued Sig, in Africa, and onding in 1870 with Ladonehame. Among them stand out in relief the daughing names of Isly, Alina, Balakiwa, Inkerman, Sebastopol, Magenta, Salakiwa, Inkerman, Sebastopol, Magenta, Salakiwa, Inkerman, Sebastopol, Magenta, Sebastopol, under the close of the Frace-Geran war Canrobert took up his residence in a small heptel in the Rus de Marignan, close to the Champs Hyaces. During the lifetime of his beloved wife, the beautiful Flora MacDonalii, he froquently visited his property at Jouy on Jouas, but when the Marichale deal he nover returned to a spot so associated with his happiest moments, and lends an almost cloistral service of the control of the history of France. Gen. Lebouf, and it seemed as if the title would die out forever as formgriy the fine one of Connétable; but the young men of to-day harbor the hope that this supreme reward will once again be vouchsafed to their valor and that they may look forward to that baton which was repulsity supcosed to lie hilder in the history of France. Under Philippe Auguste the name was given to the chief of an outrost, but about the end of the thirteenth century it became the expression of the highest millitary rank. From the reign of Louis Alv. till the republic than the "cleated the limperial Marrhals of France. In 1701 a decree refused to the history of France in the history of France

A LOVE AFFAIR OF JENNY LIND'S. He Was a Poor Character and the Engage-ment was Broken Of.

from the New Region. No one could see Jenny Lind and not fall under the charm of her perfect naturalness, freshness, and originality. Although her features were irregular she was anything but plain; her complexion was fair; she had abun-

collation, she was similar to him, she turned round and saw that he had some to sheep. Not long after Mr. Sonior reached Paris, there was long after Mr. Sonior reached Paris, there was to no evening about 7 o'clock and the artiment one evening about 7 o'clock and the artiment one evening about 7 o'clock and the artiment to he was deadly broken off.

The contions of the last few months had told heavily upon Jenny Lint, but with the sense of freedom the power of ensyment returned, and she roule in the boils de Boulonno day she took my father to a bourse in the Pince d'Oricans, near the like St. Lazare. It was built round a courtyard, with a fountain in the middle, Jenny gazed at it without speaking. Afterward she said: "I was so missrable in that house. I onvied the fountain because it was residented to sing." The house had been the residence of the long of the board of the said to sing. The house had been the residence of the long of the long of the long of her voice from fatigue and bad management, she slowly regained it by means, lirst of rest, and then of skifful practice under Garcha's teaching.

The domestic happiness for which she had salinded to the time when, in despart at the loss of her voice from fatigue and bad management, she slowly regained it by means, lirst of rest, and then of skifful practice under Garcha's teaching.

The domestic happiness for which she had salinded to the time when, in despartation in the many, Sweden, and Liverpool, she sailed for the United States on Aug. 21, 180, Her success in the New World was as brilliant as it had been in the Old, and her charities as mullicent. Her company was joined in 180, by fir. Otto Goldechmidt, who successed Been and the sprange of the long and true artachment of the long and true artachment of the long and the control of the long and the long and the l

CORES FOR OBESITY.

Exercise, with Cold Baths and Care in Diet, is the Surest Remedy. The inventors of a patent medicine to cure obesity have published a pamphlet which will be interesting to all fat men and fat women. They have compiled the views of ancient and modern authors and authorities about obesity. and put them in print to advertise their patent

No way of many the parties that when the parties of the parties of

## OUR SWEET NAVAL BELLS. The Foreigners Sometimes Stopped Talking

to Hear One Ships' Bells Bing. The best gift that any American city has made to the cruiser named after it was San Francisco's service of plate to the beautiful ship of that name. There is so much of this great and costly set of plate that the cabinets containing it are found above and below stairs, in the Admiral's and Captain's quarters, and in the wardroom. All the pieces are large and heavy, the biggest being a huge punch-lowl of great beauty of design. Every lid in the service is surmounted by a solid gold bear, the symbol of California and the effect of the bright yellow on the white silver gold bear, the symbol of California, and the effect of the bright yellow on the white silver is very pleasing. Philadelphia did vary poorly by her ship, now the flagship of Hear Admiral Gherardi. This gift is a great bronze clock that won't keep time; indeed, it won't go. It hears the name of a Philadelphia firm of jewellers, who would be wise eithers who would be see either to put the thing in order or chiselthe firm name off. This clock is not beautiful. Its design is artistic, but does not work out effectively in bronze. If the silver bell that this city is to give to the new cruiser New York is as melodious as a silver bell that this city is to give to the new cruiser. New York is as melodious as a silver bell should be the gift will be prized. Few know it, but the bells that ring out the hours and half hours in our white squadron were the delight of our foreign naval visitors here and in Hampton Hoads. All the bells on the white ships contain a great deal of silver, and produce clear, sweet, and extra musical notes. Sir John O. Honghina, the Firitish Vice-Admiral, would stop his own part in a conversation at any time on his quarter deck on the Blake to listen to the bells on our Yankee ships. He said that they were the sweetest bells he ever heard, and he wished they had such ones in the British Navy. In that navy the bells go from ship to ship, as fashions in war change, and on some ship to day the bell that rang out the time for Nelson or for Blake is tolling away as it did in its hour of glory. One of Nelson's bells may be on the Australia or the Partridge, but alast the British do not carve the dates and names of the ships on their bells, and so their especial merits are lost. They are deep-volced, gruff bells, whose sound soon dies out while the silvery peals of our bells city to the air and reach far out upon the waters. HISTRIONICS AMONG HOOSIERS,

Makeshifts of a Travelling Theatrical Troups at Aurora, Ind. "Last season was short on money, but long

on experience," said an old actor standing on Broadway, with hands in empty pockets.
"One morning early last fall we landed in Aurora, Ind., and before doing anything else I went to the 'opry' house. The sight gave me a chill. The stage was about twenty feet wide and covered with rubbish-old shoes store boxes, tin cans, and the like. Down stairs were two dressing rooms, one for ladies and one for gentlemen, and they were dirtie than the stage. The auditorium floor was almost on a level with the stage, and contained twenty or thirty benches and several hundred chairs of assorted styles. Two big cannon stoves, the kind that explode and throw out a cloud of smoke and ashes, heated the place, "I found the manager mixing p'lls at a drug store, and after I made him promise to clean

the place I looked at the chart to see how the advance sale was. Just thirteen seats had been sold and there were thirteen rows of re-served seats in the house, so I nerved myself to meet any kind of bad luck. First, I discovered that not a lithograph nor a piece of our paper had been put up after the advance agent left the town. We had to be advertised, but the only job printer in the place couldn't print a dodger, and I bought a box of chalk. All of us, from the leading man to the property man, took a piece, and we decorated the pavements and fences with invitations to 'Come to the opera house to-night.' We told, in chalk, that there would be 'Mirth and music at the opera house to-night.' On the pavement in front of the Mayor's office the comedian wrote in big white letters: 'Great drama at the opera house. New sceners, new songs, jolly jokes, and dandy dances. Come one, come all.' The property man, a poetical cuss, wrote on the engine house door - there was only one engine house in the town, and the doors are only opened when there's a firehe wrote: 'Here I tell, in letters white, of the show at the opera house to-night.'

'In the evening I found nearly two dozen boys in the hall.

''What're you kids doing here?' I asked.

'I leaned up the stage this afternoon,' said one. Come to the opera house to-night.' We told.

"I cleaned up the stage this afternoon," said one.
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"I cleaned up the stage this afternoon," said one.
"I got a clock for the property man." I got a bucket of water for the property man." If tend to the ilres. "Andy Thurston told me I could come in cause I got a hatchet for him this moraling.

"I had to call a policeman to get them out, and then they held a sidewalk indignation meeting, at which they decided to mob me, but I escaped.

"We carried no musical director, and when it was time for the doors to open we discovered that the pretty little girl who played the plano couldn't play the music for the specialities, but one of the boys in the company, one of these natural musicians who can't play anything but 'comp, boomp-boomp' accompaniments agreed to play the plano as well as his part. Ed-that's his name, and he loats around the corner of Broadway and Twenty-eighth—Ed would jump off the stage and play the plano for the song, and then climb back to the stage and resume his part. He kept that up until the curtain fell on the last act. You can imagine the effect when he clambered over the footlights, and. taking his proper position, said, Let us stroll to the top of yender mountain. Nellie, but after escorting Nellie to the wings jumped off the stage and played fever and ague music while the villain told his plans for a nurder. It didn't seem just right, either, when the villain, about to shoot the leading lady, waited for Ed to climb to the stage and take the revolver from him, but the people were satisfied, and the were-do-you-go-from-here-man, whom i met at the hotel, said, 'Sorry you didn't have a better house, But we'll give you a crowd next season, for you've got a good troupe."

# the Thought She Was Condemned for Eler-

Nonwich, May 27.-Mrs. Mary A. Brooks of Salem Street, twelve miles west of this town. went to drive on Friday last among the green hills, and on alighting from her carriage, on the brink of Fairy Lake, ran lightly down its shelving shore, and, in the presence of her lit-

plunged into its dark waters. The waters

closed over her, and she did not reappear.

There is no plausible reason save one why Mrs. Brooks should have sought death. She had a religious mania. She was in the prime of life, had a happy and beautiful cottage home, and was influential in church and social circles. Salem Street is an ideal New England rural village. There is a wide elm and maple bordered street, with prim, neat, old-fashioned country houses, and deep, shady dooryards, that is a mile long, and here and there is the white spire of a country church. Almost directly across the try church. Almost directly across the road from the church, in the middle to the street are the preity greecy and the street into the preity of the first preity greecy and the street into the induces when the preity had street like blight on his wifes anciency, had street like blight on his wifest greecy had street and received the street, and relief were hid kindly counsels to be fruitful to came of street, part of the Street, and relief were hid kindly counsels to be fruitful to came of street, part of the Street, and relief were hid kindly counsels to be fruitful to came of street, part of the Street, and relief were hid kindly counsels to be fruitful to came of street, and relief were hid kindly counsels to be fruitful to came of street, and relief were hid kindly counsels to be fruitful to came of street, and relief were hid kindly counsels to be fruitful to came of street, and relief were hid kindly counsels to be fruitful to came of street, and relief were hid kindly counsels to be fruitful to came of the street, and relief were hid with the street, and relief were hid with the street, and relief were hid with the street, and the street, and relief were hid with the street, and relief were hid with the street, and relief were hid with the street, and the street, and relief were hid with the street, and relief were road from the church, in the middle of the street, are the pretty grocery and dwelling of Henry S. Brooks, one of the most prominent citizens of Salom, and it is noted

WESTCHESTER'S OLD CHURCH Venerable St. Pant's of the 200 Years Old

Parish Once East Chester. It is exactly 200 years, according to some chroniclers, since upon a certain spring morning the people of East Chester, in the county of Westchester, voted to tax themselves to build a church close to the site now occupied by the venerable St. Paul's, now within the city of Mount Vernon. When the first Episcopal recing house in the earliest decade of the eigh-Presbyterians and Independents, whose money had been given to eke out the building fund raised by taxation. But Rector Bartow, whose name is perpetuated in that of a neighboring namiet, had the power of the State at his back, and he was able after making some cosion to the dissenters, to turn the church into

an Episcopal house of worship.

There is no more churchly spot than old St. Paul's anywhere in the suburbs of New York. and the churchyard enters upon its third century the most picturesque burial place within a hundred miles of the city. The old King's Bridge road, which seems to meet the traveller at every turn in the Westchester county suburbs, enters the East Chester road just oppogite the churchyard and commands a view of



the whole site. The present church has looked

across the East Chester marshes for nearly 130 years. The wide rambling graveyard slopes simost to the level of the tide, and its ramparts of granite vaults suggest a half ruined fortification. Behind is a bill where a skirmish of the revolution was fought, and the sexton shows the line where an old trench was dug to receive the patriot dead. The church is of the sort that colonial Fpiscopalians of the eighteenth century loved to build. Its walls are mainly of the native blue stone, edged with brick. The lower of brick and blue stone to a point some feet above the roof, then takes on brown stone, and ends in a gilded cross. That Samuel Seabury, who became the first Bishop of the new American church after the Revolution, and had to seek consecration at the hands of a Scotch Bishop, ministered at St. Paul's in the early days of the present structure, and took a somewhat pessimistic

St. Paul's in the early days of the present structure, and took a somewhat pessimistic view of the future, for he wrote to say that although the new church had been roofed he had small hope to see it finished. He did, however, live to see it in full use and then descrated by the soldiery. It served for a time as a hospital and then as a court house for the County Court.

Old St. Paul's, more than any other spot in this region, seems to breathe the colonial spirit. It is now in outward aspect very nearly what it must have been twenty years before the first inauguration of Washington. The present rector, the Rev. Dr. W. S. Coffey, during hits service of forty years, has gathered and preserved many mementoes of the parish. The walls of the little vestry are hung with many of these things, and others help to swell the restor's library. On the vestry wall hangs framed the first page of the sermon presched on a Sunday in June by the Rev. John Bartow. He chose as his text the words: It is more bless d to give than to receive. Another framed sermon is that preached on a Sunday in 1738 by the Hev. Samuel Johnson. President of "King's College," New York. A portrait of the reverend President shows him to have been a man of physique not unlike that of his great namesake. A plan of the pews in 1730 shows Philip Ridnelander as one pewholder and Lewis Quion as another.

The walls of the church itself are lined with memorial tablets. One is erected to the memory of the Rev. Thomas Standard A. M., D. D., a missionary of the society for the propagation of the Gospel in loroign parts, second rector of the parish, consecrated June 8, 1727. The bell which he presented to the parish in 1758 still swings in the belify of old St. Paul's. In the vestry is a portrart of the Rev. Samuel Seabury, rector from 1705 to 1785. He was fector of West Chester parish, with East Chester as an adjunct, but his largest congress.